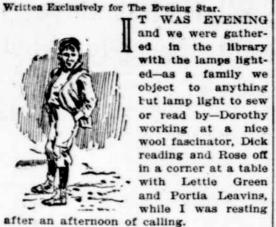
Christmas Plans of the Girls as Told are picture cards of every size and device. by Senora Sara.

THE QUESTION OF MONEY AS USUAL

The Intrinsic Value Not Great, but the Spirit is Golden.

JOY IN HUMBLE HOMES



"We will have to give up the whole thing," I heard Portia say, disconsolately. "And it was such a perfectly lovely idea," chimed in Lettle to the musical clinking of coins that Rose was arranging in little piles on the table.

"Ten 5-cent pieces; ten dimes, one with a hole in it, five silver quarters, two 'cart wheels' that Dick donated, and just an even hundred pennies-five dollars and seventy-five cents in all," announced Rose, with a disappointed ring in her voice. "We certainly can't do much with that, it won't even buy the shawl for the old janitor woman at school.

"And there are all our little poor children that we wanted to get toys for, and a coat for the blind shoe-string man, and a present for the postman-oh, why can't everybody be rich?" said Portia with a positive wail. "I suppose we couldn't sell bonds like they do when Uncle Sam needs money?"

"I suppose not," was the non-committal rejoinder made by Rose, as she ran over the piles of coin a second time to see that

fund," interjected Letty.
"To say nothing of the matinees I have given up and the penny from papa every

time I do not drink coffee or tea," was Portia's sadly reminiscent rejoinder. Well, you see I couldn't save anything that way," returned Rose apologetically. "Sara never would let me drink either one; but I might have gone without milk; I think Sara would have allowed me a penny or two a day for that, because I do drink a lot, and Jude says I am very extravagant about chocolate. My, how hard it is to save money!" and then silence fell on the little group for a moment.

Problem of Present Giving.

About a month ago the three girls con ceived the idea of getting Christmas presents for a whole horde of children, and a few grown people, and when they came to me about it I told them I thought it a splendid thing to do, but that they must earn the money or give up some of their little comforts and luxuries, for which they might have the equivalent in money or the real spirit of Christmas giving would be lost. Of course they were quite positive that they could do that, and I think they did do bravely, but naturally they imagined that when the bank containing their joint savings was opened there would be a big sum, so the showing was a bitter disappointment to them. "Are you playing Quaker Meeting, girls?" called Dorothy, as the silence grew oppressive. "What is the significance of this evening session anyhow? Whose happiness are you plotting against?" and she laid down her crocheting and went over to their corner. "It isn't a secret session?" she queried.

"Indeed it isn't!" was Portia's quick re "I am glad you came, Miss Dorothy; maybe you can help us out." "Am I to be left out in the cold?" asked Dick, tossing aside his Star. "I might at least play errand boy for this benevolent concern, and who knows how many stray coppers I could pick up as bootblack or by crying 'Star pape' 'ere, Evenin' Star' At any rate my services are at your dis Dick's advent was greeted with shricks of delight, for Dick is liked by girls little and big, and it was not long till they dragged me into their councils also. It isn't worth while to relate all that was said by the committee on "ways and means." How Dick chaffed Rose almost to tears about getting shoes for her footless friend, the rag man, and eyeglasses for the blind shoe-string seller, Christmas cards for the bables, and a copy of Drummond's addresses for the janitor woman who can't read a word. He didn't smooth matters out a bit by assuring her that the average Christmas present, given because it is a duty or because one is expected in return, is generally no more appropriate than those he had suggested. One of the great problems of present giving is to make them "accord." To give wisely and acceptably. To study individual needs and tastes, and to gratify them even if it be in a small way. The cost of a present should never enter into the thought of giver or recipient. It is to be supposed

comes a farce.

that the giver will be at some pains to

please, and the recipient should accept it

from that view of it, present giving be

in that spirit; the moment either departs

Baskets for Poor Families. Of course Rose and the girls were not troubled for suggestions of what would be acceptable, but it certainly was a difficult matter to make the few dollars they had go around, and buy suitable presents for all. While we were deliberating callers were announced and then they learned of the project on foot; they at once craved permission to enlist in it, a request speedily granted. It was not till all the indigent old men were fitted out satisfactorily, and Rose's heart was made glad by the promise of a good blanket shawl for her old woman, beside a lot of other clothing that would go a long way toward helping the girls out with their proteges. The money they concluded to spend on dinners for five families. We let them work it all out in their own way, and I am sure they did it nicely. They have decided to buy meat, potatoes, sugar, coffee and butter with the and then divide them equally

among the five baskets. And those baskets! I wish you could see them, five in a row, as they stand in my room, all decorated for the holiday season. They are the common nickel splint bas-kets, Dick's donation to the fund, and the rirls have covered them with pink tissue paper and twisted the handles with ground oine, giving them quite a Christmas air. Jude is to bake five "pones" of fruit moasses cake for her share in the baskets. Letty's mother has ordered her cook to bake two loaves of bread for each, and Portia's aunt has decided to give five quarts of cranberries and five chickens declare I take almost as much delight n anticipation of the pleasure the baskets will give as the girls do. Christmas certainly does bring a glow to the heart such as is felt at no other time.

nuity. Of course, we could have made it very easy for them to provide Christmas presents for all those they had in view. but that would have been scarcely wise. The idea was their own, and it was only right that they should carry it to an end, puccessful or not, as their energy and ef-lorts directed. It is a mistaken kindness | felt, with a quantity of cream lace, green velvet and feathers on it. o make things too easy for the young. They should be taught self-reliance.

Two Interesting Scrap Books. For a poor little lame girl, who never

OTHERS' HAPPINESS what could be found in the family scrap bag. The leaves were cut just the size of a single page of The Star, folded four times, and on them is pasted nearly everything pastable. The funny election car-toons are given lots of space; then there Some of the figures from bright-colored fashion plates are cut out and pasted on the page, with a house from an illustrated

paper and trees from a picture card.

There are several leaves devoted to a fanciful arrangement of various kinds of postage stamps. The book has forty pages, at d is sewed through the back with strong thread, and has a cover of slate-colore drilling, with little Millie's name stitched on it in red silk. I spent nearly an hour looking at the book after it was finished, and I am sure that Millie will be very happy with it.

Another kind of scrap book has been made for an old colored aunty, who is learning her letters. It is decidedly unique, too. It is made on white muslin, and such a combination of literature and art I never saw before. The girls have cut large let-ters from advertisements in the papers, and in this way made up the alphabet, with pictures that have been clipped in the same way, beside each letter to illustrate it; like "apple" for "A," a cat for "C" and a ball for "B." Easy reading lessons of two or three letters they have cullsons of two or three letters they have cull-ed from books of childish nursery rhymes, and pasted them in with tail and head pictures of Sunday school cards. The book has ten pages-nine and a half more than poor old aunty will ever master-and is bound like the other in slate-colored drilling. For three little motherkins they have fashioned three dolls. They got together all the white suede and chamois-skin gloves they could find and cleaned them with gasoline. From these they cut coverings for doll bodies, the long wrists serv-ing for the heads and bodies, and the middle fingers for legs, while two fingers were used for the arms. These were stuffed with wool. Then Portia drew features with India ink, and the hair was made of yellew ice wool knit in tufted stitch. They were ten inches long when ready for their clothes, which were as dainty and nice as three pairs of dainty hands could make them. Scrap bags furnished the material, and with Dorothy's help the three were

dressed in one evening. Clothes for the Children.

I am sure they look enough sight prettier than the whittled-out wooden-peg doll that Queen Victoria cherishes as her very dearest childish treasure. There were four kicking, crowing bables to be provided for, and at the request of the girls I made them four pairs of bootees out of thick firm broadcloth, from a pattern I have. They are not so pretty, but they will keep Jack Frost from forty pink toes, and the scraps left from my new gown will never be missed. Letty crocheted them each a ball. She got together all the bits of zephyr and yarn, and after making balls of wool wrapped lightly with thread to hold it together, she crocheted the covers out of

sels for them to swing by. A pair of driving reins was made for a restless little son of Erin, whose father she had made no mistake. "It is just \$5.15, and that is all there is to it," she said at last. "And to think how I have gone without gum and not touched candy for a month—"

"And the miles and miles I have walked "And the miles and miles I have walked of the long piece joined, then two feet of the long piece joined, then two feet on reaching New York, with pistols ready in case would be likely to prove a serious business for any robbers who might attempt such and that is all there is to it," she said at and a half long was the material. It was folded to an inch wide strip, and stitched on both edges on the machine. Fourteen inches of this was cut off and the ends of the long piece joined, then two feet on reaching New York, with pistols ready in case would be likely to prove a serious business for any robbers who might attempt such an enterprise. On reaching New York, set into the strip on each side so as to leave a loop at that end for the head to be thrust through. Portia saved a nickel from carfare to buy three sleigh bells for it. For this small boy's sister, who is nine years old and a bright little scholar, Rose made a half dozen handkerchiefs out of the sash of a white linen lawn frock of hers. The sash had never been laundered but once and made beautiful handkerchiefs, neatly stitched in wide hems on the machine and with a tiny initial worked in one corner. After making them, Rose laundered them herself, and I wouldn't be a bit ashamed to carry one calling. For this little girl's mother, who has to make in gold are shipped across the Atlantic to board, the girls each made an iron holder. They cut the smooth tops from They cut the smooth tops from old kid shoes for a center piece, then laid over that several thicknesses of an old

fiannel petticoat and covered them with blue denim from the scrap bag. A loop at cne corner was to hang it up by. From the remainder of the fiannel skirt they got a lot of nice big pieces for old Mrs. Markham, who has an everlasting "misery" in her knees and uses quantities of flannel in wrapping them up. A little sickly slip of a girl, who cannot play as the others do, will get a whole family of paper dolls, painted in water colors by Letty and dressed in crepe paper. For old uncle-but there! I couldn't tell in half a day all the little things the girls have planned to make, and those they have already made

for their "people," as they call them. Insignificant? Possibly. The intrinsic value would be small indeed; but if you could buy these articles at their money value and sell them for what they are worth in tender, loving thoughts, selfdenial, earnest application, gentle solicitude and genuine love of humanity, you would never have to speculate in sugar to keep the wolf from the door. It is not the gift, but the giver and the spirit that prompts his remembrance that should render the present acceptable.

SENORA SARA.

The Proper Coat. Here is a coat that carries style in every line, as well as quiet elegance. It is green cloth that has a face almost like satin, and is as soft to the touch as velvet. It is bordered around the sharp revers and down the front with silver fox fur. Some of the new long coats come to the bottom of the



satins and velvets, being trimmed with fur, ostrich feathers, and one in black velvet that appeared on the avenue last week had a border of black ostrich tips, with peacock tip about every six inches. With this was worn a tiny black velvet toque with a border of tiny tips, and standing saucily up in the front were two peacock feathers all of eight inches tall. It made one feel like singing "The Campbells are coming." A plain tailor finish is preferred for all cloth coats, the only garniture being velvet or fur, if any is used at all. But for the coats of richer fabrics, almost anything in the way of garniture is permis-So it is that fur and lace, gold, silver and steel beading and passementerie, feathers, velvet and moire enter into most unique combinations, forming wraps that would seem to be out of their sphere off the stage if used with any other than a masquer's costume.

A Stylish Gown.

There are many light fabrics shown for the warm days that are so frequent in Washington, and some of them are remarkably pretty and stylish. This gown It was on the presents for the children is fashioned on the tailor made plan, but gets a little skittish when it comes to the decoration. It is made of green cheviot, shot with black. An odd little fancy in green velvet ornaments the plain skirt, and the dark green velvet also forms the revers, collar and cuffs. The hat is green

A Street Dress.

Here is a handsome street gown in brown boucle, with red dashes in it. The leaves her bed, day or night, there is a pic- skirt is one of the very newest, and has ture scrap book. The leaves for the book | the seams corded with cloth just the color are made of cambric, brown, blue, red and blate colored, such as you can get for 4 pents a yard. The reason it was so rainlowy was because the girls each furnished of the dash in the fabric. The coat basque has a front of red cloth, and is bordered with mink. The hat is brown, braided cloth, with bows of cerise velvet and red tips.

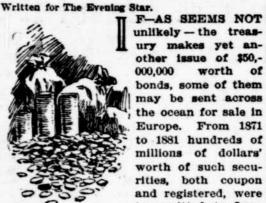
GUARDING MONEY

Precautions Adopted by the Government in Transporting Bonds.

WHEN SECURITIES ARE SENT ABROAD

What One Hundred Million in Gold Coin Means.

IN PLACES OF TRUST



other issue of \$50,-000,000 worth of bonds, some of them may be sent across the ocean for sale in Europe. From 1871 to 1881 hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of such securities, both coupon and registered, were transmitted to Lon-

don for negotiation. They were carried by trusted messengers, the sums represented being often in negotiable paper, and amounting to gigantic fortunes. Undoubtedly the same method of transportation will be adopted in case any fresh issue is to be disposed of in Europe.

An enterprise of this description is al ways kept very secret by the government authorities, because it is not deemed wise to invite attention to the contemplated transportation of immense values in small compass over land and water. The custom has always been to issue private or ders to the men who are to act as messengers. Of the latter there are usually three or four, and it goes without saying that they are picked out for exceptional trustworthiness. Not the keenest-nosed newspaper man gets scent of the affair. At night a covered wagon is backed up to a side door of the treasury, and upon it are loaded small iron safes, containing the bonds.

The messengers get into the wagon with the safes. Each of them has a big revolver strapped to his waist. They are driven an enterprise. On reaching New York, the messengers are met by officials from the subtreasury. The safes are conveyed to the subtreasury and are kept there until the time arrives for the sailing of the steamer on which they are to go.

In Ocean Steamships. The safes are hauled to the steamer in wagon, under the same guard, and are put in the specie vault in the hold of the ship. Every great passenger vessel nowadays has a steel-clad strong room, like a bank's, for carrying gold and other valuables. Hundreds of millions of dollars and fro every twelve months. The bonds being locked up, the messengers are relieved of care for the time being-that is to say, until the steamer reaches Queenstown. There the vault is opened for the purpose of getting the mail, which is kept in the strong room. The messengers stand guard until the mail has been taken out and the vault is locked up again. They have no further duties to perform until the ship arrives at Liverpool.

From 1871 to 1881 many shipments of bonds were made in this fashion, and never penny was lost. Millions' worth of negotiable securities might have been stolen, but the theft could only have been accomplished by three men conspiring together. Each safe employed for the purpose had always three locks. Each of three messengers knew only the combination for one lock. All three combinations were in possession of the United States officials at the agency in London. In 1871 the treasury established an agency in that city for the purpose of negotiating bonds. It was located in the Rothschild bank. The last business done through it, in 1881, was the exchange of new 31-2 per cent bonds for other bonds which had already become payable. They were sent abroad in the manner already described, and, after they had been disposed of, the office was closed.

A Money Mountain.

On reaching Liverpool the treasury messengers were met by a man from the agency in London. Together they took the safes by rail to the metropolis, hiring a compartment of a passenger car for the purpose. If the steamer got in too late to accomplish the journey to London and get to the Rothschild bank before that institution closed, they would convey the safes to the Western Hotel in Liverpool, take them to a room and remain with them all night, taking turns at keeping watch. On arriving in London the safes were carried to the bank and put into a vault there.

It seems queer that Uncle Sam, at peace with all the world, should have to borrow

\$100,000,000 in a single year to help pay running expenses. Such a sum is beyond the power of the human mind to grasp. One hundred million of dollars in gold. low metal weighs about 200 tons. Take \$100,000,000 worth of gold \$20 pieces and stack them up in one pile, like poker chips. Truly, they would make a pretty tall column. How tall, do you suppose? As tall as the Washington monument? That giant obelisk is 550 feet high. The stack of gold pieces would be tailer that. The Eiffel tower in Paris is the high-

this imaginary pile of yellow coins would considerably surpass it.

For a comparison, then, one must look around for some natural elevation-a mountain, say, of small size. Vesuvius, the vol-cano of Naples, is three-quarters of a mile Yet the stack of gold pieces is higher. But why not take a big mountain-for example, Mt. St. Elias which, until recently has been supposed to be the tallest peak in North America? Though towering to a height of three and a quarter miles, it is

not so lofty as the pile of coins represent-

est structure in the world-1,000 feet. Yet

ing \$100,000,000. The highest mountain of South America s the active volcano of Aconagua, in Chile. It reaches an elevation of four and a quarter miles, but is not so tall as the pile of coins. Look, then, to Asia, where is found the loftiest summit in the world—the skykissing peak of Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, five and a half miles above the sea. It is surpassed by the stack of gold pieces. In fact, the column of double eagles would be six miles high and something over.

One hundred million dollars' worth of gold one-Jollar pieces, stacked up in the same way, would reach a height of twentyeight and a half miles. If one owned the stack and spent the coins at the rate of \$1 a minute, he would not go broke until the end of 190 years. For the storage of \$100,-000,000 in bags of \$5,000 in gold, seventeen hundred cubic feet would be required. The same sum in one-dollar bills sewn together would carpet 350 acres, or more than half of a square mile of land. As a matter of fact, Uncle Sam will receive for his \$100,-000,000 worth of bonds—including the last and present issues-about \$118,000,000 in

money, thanks to the premium A Responsible Position.

Speaking of persons who are trusted by the treasury, there are several men in that department who handle millions of dollars every day and have enormous opportunities for stealing. One of these is John Brown, who has temporarily succeeded John T. Barnes as sealer. Barnes, who died a few weeks ago, sealed up in packages all the paper money issued by the government during more than a quarter of a century. The sealer is the most trusted individual in Uncle Sam's employ. The greatest temptations are offered to him, and there are no checks upon him. Three men successively count each package of money before it is handed over to the sealer. But, supposing they find it all right, there is nothposing they find it all right, there is nothing to prevent him from abstracting some of the bills before putting on the seal. The package is not likely to be opened before many months, and discovery must be postponed for a long time.

It is said that three-fourths of all thefts

in banks are traced to persons who seal up money. The three counts, ordinarily considered a sure safeguard, are not such at all. At the treasury three clerks, A, B and C, do the counting. Let it be taken for granted that A and B are honest men. If C is dishonest, he may take a bill for \$100 from a package. Then he hands the package over to the sealer, who does not count the contents, but merely puts on the seal. The sealer might abstract another \$100. Thus two thieves could secure \$ dividend out of the same package of notes, and the shortage would not be ascertained for a long time. If a bank, on receiving the package from the treasury, should complain of the shortage, the treasury would be disposed to claim that the stealing had been done by some employe of the bank. Experience in such instances has proved that this is more than apt to be the case. However, owing to the circumstances already detailed, it would not be possible to fix the guilt upon anybody. Stealings from the treasury are generally detected by what are technically termed "boodle packages"—i. e., decoy parcels of marked money.

RENE BACHEL

FASHION IN JAPAN.

European Attire Displacing the Picturesque Native Dress for the Worse. From the Fortnightly Review.

It is a shame that many a Japanese woman of the better classes has now discarded her neat, picturesque national costume for some awful ill-fitting dress of forign make. Dress the prettiest Japanese woman in European style, and I do not know why, but she generally looks an awful sight. Partly, I suppose, it is because they do not know how to put on the dress properly; but mainly, I think, it is because their physique does not lend itself to wearing our style of clothing. Many a wicked story is cufrent in Japan of comical mistakes made by Japanese ladies in misplacing the different items of wearing apparel. The story goes of a certain marchioness who, having ordered a dress and under-clothing in Paris, wrote to the milliner requesting her to pack the different articles in the order in which they were to be worn. The case reached its destination in safety, but was unfortunately opened at the wrong end, and the noble lady was seen at a garden party wearing her chemise, which she had put on the top of everything else, as a sort of a mantilla, as it was the last thing she found at the bottom of the case! I myself have seen, with my own eyes, a lady, occupying one of the highest positions in Tokio, nearly suffocated through having put on her corset the It is an every-day occurrence, especially

n the streets of Tokio, to see men wearing European boots and a bowler hat while the rest of the body is only clad in what we generally use as underclothing; yet those men think themselves dressed ust like Europeans. One of the great sights in Tokio is to witness one of the emperor's garden parties. No one is allowed in the imperial garden unless he is wearing a frock coat and a tall hat. Sticks and umbrellas are deposited at the gate. By "a great sight" I do not mean that the garden is the center of attraction, for as gardens go, there are many private gardens that are infinitely more beautiful than the imperial one; but I mean the extraordinary collection of tall hats that one sees on that occasion

From the earliest known examples of "chimney pots" down to the present fash-ion specimens of all shapes, height and condition can be seen on that memorable day. There is a custom in Japan to wear around the head or around the neck pretty Japanese towel, a picturesque slip of painted cotton, much resembling a long and narrow handkerchief. It is used to prevent the perspiration from greasing the collar of their slik kimenes, and so far, so good, but, in their intention to be "quite European," when the picturesque native kimono is discarded for a foreign out-ofdate frock coat or a dilapidated evening and replaced by a foreign Turkish towel. which is artistically wound around the neck like a fichu. Add to this a battered silk hat that was probably in fashion about forty years ago, and has, been neither brushed nor ironed since, and you may imagine what guys these once so picturesquely attired people make of themselves in imitating us.

DARNING STOCKINGS.

A Short but Interesting Description of How It is Done.

No wonder so many women hate to darn stockings. They don't know how to go about it. Stocking darning is as pretty work as Holbien canvas stitch, if it is done right. In the first place, never try to darn over anything round, like the miserable little eggs with handles that you find in the shops. Your utensils should be a long thin darning needle-if your work is on fine hose, if not, use a thicker needle, but always long one-a spool of fine black and one of white thread, a mending needle, good darning cotton exactly the color of the stockings to be treated, a thimble, pair of sharp scissors and unlimited patience. For a to darn over, a medium-sized smooth glass tumbler is best. For the toe of the stocking, put the bottom of the tumbler first; for

the heel, the open top. Stretch the stocking well over the tumbler, holding it firmly at the other end in the left hand. Take a needleful of the fine thread and draw it through the edge of the hole, leaving an end to catch under the hand that holds the stocking. Then take a half dozen overhand stitches, gently drawing the edge of the hole together, til you have closed the gap almost a half; then eatch the last end of the thread under your left hard and take a darning needle full of cotton and begin the darning. Do not knot the thread, keep the stocking stretched well over the tumbler and draw the cotton firmly and smoothly, leaving the end to catch under the left hand with the other threads.
Put the stitches close together, taking

care to leave the ragged edges of the hol on the under side. After covering the hole one way, begin and go back, taking up each alternate stitch, till you have made it look like a bit of canvas. Be careful not to draw your thread too tight; the stretching over the tumbler will, in a measure, obviate that. Never knot your thread, as it will be sure to hurt the foot. When the hole is neatly coverd take three stitches beyond the hole with the last needle, and then cut off all the long threads rather close to the stocking. Most women stretch the stocking over the hand, or a fancy ball or knob. The one is tiresome in the extreme and bound to pucker the stock ing, and the other is a vexation, because you can't make one drawing of the needle do the work, but have to put it in twice. Over the glass you can make the long needle reach clear across the hole. Get good cotton, or, if your hose is fine list thread, use embroidery silk.

"Limited" Qualification. From Lustige Vlactter.

Lady of the house-"Listen, Charlotte, I am going to give a party-supper and a dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do, so as to keep up the credit of my establishment." Cook-"With pleasure, ma'am, but I can

only dance the waltz and the polka. You will have to excuse me from the quad-

Named Without Reason.

From Life. Caller-"Why do you call your new maid 'Japan," Mrs. Jones; isn't she Irish?" Mrs. J.-"Oh, yes, she's Irish, and her real name is Mary Ann; but we think the other more appropriate; she seems to have such a grudge against china, you know.

The Winter Styles.



BEAUTY SHOP

Pauline Pry Puts Herself Into the Hands of a Professional

SHE IS MASSAGED AND STEAMED

Where Men and Women Repair the Ravages of Time.

SHE LOOKED NO WORSE

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.

I have spent the morning being made pretty, and if you think the strange light pervading the atmosphere is a new comet the aurora borealis or anything of the sort. you were mistaken. It's the blending glare of my incipient beauty. I say incipient beauty, because I have only acquired a dollar's worth, which, as yet, does not extend below my collar; but when I have taken a full course, as I shall, if somebody gives me a check for an Xmas present, from the crown of my head down to the ground I shall be as pretty as certain other women-hush; as pretty as certain men who patronize the same beauty parlors.

Oh, I know secrets now, if I never did in my life, and I'm going to tell them if every illusion about the natural loveliness of humanity has to be sacrificed. The other day I picked up an aesthetic

circular announcing a "world-renowned dermatologist-the originator of facial steaming and original and sole compounder of divine remedies and guide to restoring natural beauty." A never-dying desire to be beautiful is implanted in every woman's breast, and when tailors charge from \$75 up to build a shapely figure, and for any complexion that

a decent woman will wear she must pay \$5 for half a pint, judge of the feminine enthusiasm that responds to the next page of the aesthetic circular. "Charming woman, why fade prema-turely? Revive thy charming beauty.lying

dormant for want of proper nourishment. Wrinkles vanish, freckles fade, tan and sunburn arrested ere it appears; black heads, red and pitted noses become as white and clear as in youth. A beautiful, clear complexion, with a plump-ness and blush of youth, is all we recom-

In the Beauty Shop. Generous heaven! who could recommend more? Who would ask for more?

Accordingly, when I presented myself at the world-renowned dermatologist's just asked her to make me pretty. "You can see," I said, "what my needs

The dermatologist raised the curtain to better survey me, and the plump freshness of her gray-haired, lifty odd years made me ashamed of the Welsh rarebit face I was holding up to view. I had been the victim of a chaing dish the night before and you known how that makes you look next morning-groggy about the nose billous about the eyes, and cross enough to scream.

"Oh, yes," said the dermatologist, "your system is disorganized. You need my health tonic. I prepare it myself of simple herby and the best brandy. I will let you taste it," and from a bottle of nasty black stuff she turned me out a like anything but more. "Now, if you will take this, and another

"But, I beg your pardon, I haven't any stomach trouble," I said. "You may not be aware of it," she gently answered, "but I can plainly discern that you have stomach trouble. I can

simple remedy I have for stomach

see the microbes under your skin."
"For pity's sake, microbes under my "Under your eyes," she said, "there and

Now, you know, nowadays we expect microbes almost anywhere, but really it's an awful shock to learn that they're under your own eyes and in your own skin. ever, I feel that I am perfectly safe to be at large, for, besides having been so recently vaccinated, I took another dose of the health tonic on the spot.
"It is impossible to tell you how long it

would require to make you perfectly beautiful," the dermatologist went on; "I can only promise that in time, if you will take my system of physical culture and facial steaming and massage, for which, the health tonic and skin food and elixing of youth, I charge \$10, you will be restored to your original plumpness and your complexion will acquire a velvet flush as charming and bewitching as the morning dew on its own blooming petals." A Dollar's Worth.

Not having so much of a fortune as \$10 oose in my pockets, I said that I felt the change would be too sudden if I took a full course of beauty at a single sitting, but that if she could let me have about a dollar's worth I thought I could go forth in the world with that much without arousing suspicion.

"I can steam your face and give you a massage for a dollar," she said. "If you wish your neck plumped that will be 50 I concluded to let my neck rest as it is for the time being, and we retired to the

operating room with my face. The face of the dermatologist was so very plump in the cheeks it worried me—
I wanted so intensely to touch her cheeks
and see if they felt like Sandow's muscles. They looked just as hard, and my mind couldn't rest until I asked her if her

cheeks were always like that.
"Oh, no," she answered. "When I discovered these wonderful remedies I was thinner than you are, and I have made myself what I am by my own efforts." She now had me seated in a great easy chair, my feet on a hassock, my arms ex-tended on the arms of the chair, and she was loosening my hair.

"If you don't mind my saying it," I ven-tured, "I would hardly like my cheeks as dump as yours, for it is not at all becoming to me. I lately had an ulcerated tooth which plumped my face on one side and you have no idea how commonplace it makes me look to be plump. "We can manage that nicely," she answered reassuringly. "For, you know, we can stop developing just as soon as you

seem to have enough."
Then when she had the pins out of my hair she began rubbing my head, and said: 'Make yourself just as comfortable as you can now, and I'll soon have all the nerves out of you." "Oh,don't say that," I exclaimed, "I need every bit of nerve I have in my business."
"That's a mistake," she said. "Nerves

are the greatest enemy of a woman's beauty. Be perfectly easy, relax every muscle and don't think." The Men Customers.

My dector has frequently told me not to

think, but for the first time the advice was accompanied by aids to its accomplishment. She continued kneading my scalp and the muscles behind my ears until I discovered that here at last I had found something to satisfy the nervous woman who gets so tired she has half a mind to be a man and go take a drink. Little creeps of magnetism ran down my spinal olumn and arms, and I was almost purring when she said, "Now take off your waist." This off, she wrapped a couple of towels around my neck and escorted me to an alcove where was a copper barrel, un-der which gas was lighted, and from a spout in the barrel a volume of steam was puffing. I was put in a chair directly on a line with the spout and the barrel and I were wrapped in close-suffocatingly closecommunion under a sheet that enveloped us both.

"Oh, yes," she said, in answer to a query from me, "a great many men come to me to have their faces beautified. Of course, I treat only gentlemen—perfect gentlemen. Sporting men frequently apply for treatment, but to them I always say I don't treat men. Gentlemen seem to fret more about freckles than anything else, though furrows in the brow annoy them consider-ably. Then the wrinkles that come around the ears from relaxed muscles that result from thinking hard bother men, and they have their faces massaged to get rid of them. Some men are very proud of their complexions, and not a few come to me to be made up when they are going out of an evening. I bring the color to the cheeks by electricity and apply a liquid to the skip of the color to the cheeks by electricity and apply a liquid to the skip of the color to the cheeks by electricity and apply a liquid to the skin on every bottle.

that makes it white and velvety. What is

And Then the Result. "I think you'd better turn on a safety valve somewhere," I gasped. There's a dreadful

head of steam on here." I was steamed for half an hour, and when I was done I was served with something that looked like hard sauce-skin food, she called it, a greasy compound that she kneaded into my microbous skin after

first rubbing it with alcohol. "This," she said, "is the same nourishment to the decaying cuticle that the juicy tenderloin is to the hungry stomach. Now, will you have electricity?"

"How, where?" I asked. "Oh, I apply electricity to the face if a patient desires it," she answered, and get-ting her assurance that I ran no risk of being thus electrocuted, I had the battery brought up. It was on a small table. One electrode was placed in a bowl of water into which I put my left hand, and on the other electrode, fastening a sponge dipped in some sort of liquid, she proceeded to press my face all over with electricity, leaving no question of the magnetic charm of my loveliness. Moreover, lovely as I was growing, I was

"I have a lady in bed upstairs now, rest-ing for a dinner tonight," she said. "Society women come here to steam off wrinkles and traces of high living, and they come for body massage to brace them up to live high again. I was just tucking Mrs. - in bed after having steamed her salt bath and rubbed her body from head to foot with cocoa oil, when you came in. Then a great many society ladies come to me to have their hands treated for the gout. Gout with women, you know, usually settles in the hands. There," giving me a few finishing pats, "your skin is like velvet.

An hour and a half I had been under her hands, steaming, oiling and rubbing. Now she had pinned up my hair again, and with beating heart I stepped to a mirror.

As I walked up the avenue it seemed to me I could see men start, as if such visions of loveliness were too much for human eyes. Even the baby whom I met in the park, for all the heavy veil I wore, seemed to blink as though the blaze of his own mother's prettiness was more than his in-nocence could endure unmoved. Then, slowly, not to blind her by a sudden revelation, I was led to raise my veil and say to Mammy, wheeling baby, "I've been beauti-fied, Mammy. What do you think of me?" The old woman set her spectacles squarely on her nose, looked at me hard and long, and answered cheerfully, "Well, honey, I don't see as you look no worse." PAULINE PRY.

HINTS TO THE WISE.

Some of the Items of Current Fashion That Are of Interest.

The very latest fad in perfumes is to carry a gold perfume bottle studded with jewels, and swung from a chain, which is fastened to a ring worn on the third finger of the left hand. It corresponds to the much-prized "pomander" bottle of Elizabeth's time, though, in her day, the office of odors of that kind was to overcome the more unpleasant one of unwashed bodies. Her subjects were not as fond of the "tub" as are those of Queen Victoria.

The taste that dictates a veil for a evening bonnet at the opera-or anywhere else—is as atrocious as that which selects a feather-crowned sombrero for a theater hat. A veil is supposed to have three missions in life. One is to shield from sun and wind; the second, to protect the bangs from disarrangement, and the third, to conveal the ravages of time and lame efforts to cheat him by means of powder the last excuse to offer for its presence under a giare of light.

The theater bonnet, like the dress coat, has but one mission in life-to appear afte dark. To wear it to church or on the promenade is a breach of good taste that only the ignorant would be guilty of.

The newest skirt is on the favored bell style, with a slight fullness made by tiny gathers all around the front and sides In the back it has godet plaits that are where they spring out in a surprising fashion—until the unitiated learn that a tiny steel wire causes the graceful springiness. A novice at skirt-making should not attempt the style, for she will make an ignominious failure of it.

They call it a mousquetaire sleeve now but it is only the old gigot or leg-o'-mut-ton, with the outside wrinkled on the lining clear down to the wrists, like a mous quetaire glove, and is meant for women with pipe-stem arms. It isn't pretty. The Norfolk jacket is back again, a great a favorite as ever. The hooded cape is a fancy of the hour and the hood also appears on some of the long coats. It requires a faultless form to

wear a hood and not look hump-shouldered.

A Ten Gown. A dainty indoor tollet goes far toward making a woman beautiful. There is so little latitude given for carriage or promenade gowns. The colors must always be of subdued shades-if you would be considered well gowned-and the outlines are more or less stiff, which may be very objectionable if you are too fat or too thin, but for a house dress your taste may run riot among colors, materials and models.



be becoming to any form, I think. It is quite severe in outline, fashioned of dark red satin, with godet plaits in the back, and fitting smoothly over the hips, but with the flare at the bottom, which makes it extremely graceful. The front is of pink silk, with cream lace falling over it from neck to hem. The sleeves are of the pink silk with lace ruffles from the elbows, and the collar is of the silk.



At first, perhaps, in taking the Carlsbud Sprudel Salt regularly, is a decrease in weight. It is get-ting rid of all the unhealthy, unnatural flesh and tissue-if you have any. That is what so valuable in cases of obesity. But after that, or, if you are thin already, the

firm, sound, healthy flesh that you need comes in thoroughly natural way. Your digestive organs are put into perfect condition; your appetite is sharpened; there's no waste; the food that you take nourishes you.

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A NOBLE FIGHT.

An Eminent Southern Lawyer's Long Conflict with Disease.

Twenty-five Years of Prosperity, Adversity and Suffering. The Great Victory Won W Science Over a Stubbern Disease,

(From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Col Isaac A. Sugg, of Greenville, Pitt Co., a man who has been on the edge of eternity and whose life had been measured by minutes. "It has been twenty-two years since I became

a resident of this town," said Col. Sugg in telling his story to a reporter, "even then the first symptoms of Gravel were asserting themselves but were slight. Gradually, however, my disease developed, and fight as I would it seemed to gain a stronger foothold day by day until my misery was complete. For sixteen years I never knew what it was to be free from pain, not pain as an ordinary man thinks of it, but agonizing, excruciating, unendurable pain. Tortured from head to foot, at times thrown into spasms when it would require the united strength of four men to hold me until I was stupefied with stimulants and opiates. I could not sit, lie or stand in any one position but the shortest time. Sleep was out of the question unless brought about by the strongest oplates. Oh how many, many times have I thought of putting an end to that life of suffering. But then my mind would revert to my wife, my children, my home, and I would restrain my hand with the hope that some other means of escape would be offered. I searched the archives of medicine for relief. Doctors were consulted, lithia waters, mineral waters, drugs opiates and stimulants of all sorts were tried without avail. Why I sent clear to the West Indies for medicine and yet the result was the

"I kept at my work as long as I could but nature gave way at last and I succumbed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the stimulants and opiates I had taken, my blood had actually turned to water, my weight had dropped from 178 pounds to 123, and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why I could not bear the gentle hand of my wife to bathe my limbs with tepid water. I was simply living from hour to bour. I had made my will, settled my business and waited for the last strand of life to snap.

It was at this time that a somewhat similar case as my own was brought to my notice. This man had suffered very much as I had, his life had been despaired of as mine had and yet he had been cured. Think what that little word meant to me-CURED. The report stated that the work had been accomplished by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis for Pale People I investigated the report thoroughly and found it was true in detail. Then procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis and began taking them and began to get better. I began to sleep like a healthful child, sound, calm and peaceful. My appetite came back and my nerves were soothed and restored to their nor mal condition and I felt like a new man. Bu the greatest blessing was the mental improvement. I began to read and digest, to formulate new plans, to take interest in my law practice, which began to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of 10 years I ride horse back every day without fatigue.

"That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading their praise far and wide."

Inquiry about the town of Greenville substantiated the above facts of Col. Sugg's case Dr. Williams' Pink Pilla.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from neryous prostration; all diseases resulting from vittated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent nost paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50-they are never sold in bulk or by he 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine o., Schenectady, N. Y.

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